

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "JFK 2 LAX"

Yo

Yo Premier?

Yeah whassup G?

That trip to L.A., may be delayed

Why whassup I'm on my way to the airport now

Yeah well your boy Guru got knocked

WHAT?!

I don't know what this is about, sounds crazy man

Somethin about a gun

"The court calls Keith Elam to the stand.

Please approach the bench."

*[Guru]*

Yo they got me handcuffed, I'm down in central booking

Things are fucked up, the way my future's looking

But I'm too fly, I'ma change this scenario

Make some power moves and tighten up my bankroll

Chumps are leary though, they see me as a threat

I'm like the black Dutch Schultz when you get me upset

Five-oh makes me wanna flip, Larry Davis style

Got a nigga depressed, while he's awaitin trial

It's OK though, cause from grey skies comes blue

Through darkness comes light and I be known as the Guru

And this I certify we all should be alerted by

the traps within the system, our youth is gettin murdered by

the D.A. says they got me on a felony

I'm tryin to live my life, so what the fuck is you tellin me?

The streets are war, that's what brothers carry weapons for

And I take the weight as I did before

The next thing you know, they got me on the radio

A rapper arrested, suckers showin me on video

Of course I know, that I'm a role model

But yo this rap life is real life sometimes it's full throttle

Right now I gotta think about me fuck the industry

You gets no love, except those who support me

What's the story, what happened when I went to L.A.?

Mixin shit up, no not there I got family

Nothin happened, mind your business yo step

You know we connect, JFK 2 LAX

*[Chorus: Guru]*

They wanna lock us all up, and throw away the key

Don't wanna see us come up, don't wanna see us makin G's

Long as we know this is the key to our destruction

Let's make moves no discussion

*[Guru]*

Peace to my man Hass, and Orange Man payin the cost  
All the twenty-five to lifers all my brothers gettin tossed  
into the system, supposed to rehabilitate  
It's why you gotta regulate your own mindstate  
Read, study lessons and build your inner power  
The next level, doesn't tolerate cowards  
For example, I know this rich Nigerian  
Powerful American that's proud to be an African  
He asked me why do all us brothers be gettin trapped  
I told him I'd explain it broke it down in a rap  
Whether you got naps, braids waves or no hair  
Without esteem for yourself nigga, you goin nowhere  
And you can swagger like you rule this; Josey Wales  
unorganized revolt almost always mostly fails  
Give up the savage ways, be effective soldiers  
To elevate the mental is to be poor no more  
There's war in the streets, prepared men know best  
Our rhyme as live as it gets, JFK 2 LAX  
They're always makin trouble yo, against the righteous  
Killin us in cold blood, those beats those vipers  
And as I sit feelin the pain in my wrist  
I vow to myself that I'ma change this shit  
Or at least I gotta try, or part of me will die  
And only by action will any ideas solidify  
So I inhale, exhale as I ponder  
This grown man will make mistakes no longer  
I've been there, I've seen how they make us fall victim  
to their trickknowledgy, with no apology I diss em  
And so I rip facts to dope tracks I caress  
You're gonna hear about it, from JFK 2 LAX

*[plane lands]*